

June Bugs

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June Bugs

by [Ryumako](#)

Summary

"She knew then, gazing into her moonlit amber eyes, that her heart would always be charmed by this girl...and she was more than fine by that."

Mako's family has installed a new hot tub, and the girls decide to try it out together. Ryuko also makes some important reflections.

Notes

Everyone!! It has officially been a year since I started writing my ryumakos. I would like to think I've improved since I've started...but anyways, I really actually love this one. I present it to you with all the love in my heart.

The two girls stepped out onto their back porch, the summer heat instantly greeting their exposed skin. Despite the sun's retreat, it was still a pleasantly warm June evening. Perhaps a little hot for a soak in a hot tub, but this was a rare window of time the two would get to spend alone together. Mako's family had been courteous enough to plan a night out, and while they were unaware of the true nature of the girl's relationship, they often left them alone just so they could spend time with one another. Sukuyo knew how much an overbearing family can 'cramp the teenage style', as she put it.

Ryuko sighed and ran her fingers through her growing black hair, moving it to one shoulder so as to expose the nape of her neck. Mako made her way toward the new installation, pulling back the cover to expose the stagnant water underneath. "Ready?"

"Definitely," Ryuko responded. This was her first time in the hot tub. She wondered how the girl's family afforded it, but she decided not to question a good thing.

She approached the edge of the tub, and Mako turned on the heater as well as the jets at their lowest possible setting. Ryuko smiled at her as she noticed the bubbles begin to rise, and the shorter girl smiled right back in anticipation. She then stepped over the edge and slowly dipped her toes into the water.

"Perfect," She declared, and then began sinking the rest of herself into the hot water with a content hum. She eased onto the underwater ledge, kicking back and propping her elbows behind her as she settled. She was so lost in the gentle force of the jet's streams that for a second she didn't notice that Mako didn't follow her in; instead, the smaller girl's hands found their way onto her shoulders from behind her.

"Mako," She spoke as her thumbs began to knead her shoulder blades. "Aren't you...coming in, too?" Mako was always so good with her little massages...

"Yeah, yeah, in a sec..." She responded, dipping her chin onto the other girl's shoulder. "I just like to watch you relax."

Ryuko bent her neck a bit to face her. "Then join me." She kissed her sweetly.

"Alrighty," She agreed, her voice sounding a bit dreamy. Her fingers lingered on her skin as she parted from her, walking part of the perimeter of the tub before she lifted a leg over the edge.

Ryuko kept her eyes on the girl and every tiny movement she made as she got in the water. Her back was to the moon as she slowly lowered herself in, its soft rays accentuating her curves as she gradually sunk below the surface. The brunette closed her eyes for a moment, a quiet 'ah' escaping her lips as she settled in the bubbling water.

Once seated, Mako stared at her an arm's length away. Her expression was soft and affectionate, and a small smile tugged at the corners of her lips. She continued to stare, blinking slowly, even when there was a perfect void of cricket-accented silence that could've been decorated with her words. Instead, she kept her words to herself for now.

“Are you waiting for an invitation?” Ryuko inquired, breaking her trance in the gentlest manner. She gestured her over with a quick flick of her head.

Mako let the imminent smile reveal her teeth, and then moved gracefully through the water between them. Once next to her, Ryuko wrapped an arm around the girl, securing her by her side. She felt her breathe in slowly, exhale just as leisurely, and then rest her head on her shoulder.

Mako’s hair was most definitely still dry, as it was not nearly long enough to even approach the surface of the water. Ryuko rubbed her cheek against the top of her head, and on a chance inhale caught the scent of peaches, even despite the considerable amount of chlorine surrounding them. She wondered if it was a new shampoo...she rarely paid attention to those sort of things, but somehow her senses seemed heightened at the moment.

“Bit different from a hot spring, huh?” The brunette pointed out, straightening out her back a little.

“I’ll say,” She responded, sighing.

It was much different from a hot spring. Much more intimate, what with the confined space of the tub itself, but also the jets and such. Another notable difference is that, generally, people get full-on *naked* before getting into hot springs, instead of just...swimsuits...

Ryuko gulped, and then subtly looked over to Mako. The girl had since sat up next to her, and seemed to be somewhat transfixed by the moon. Or rather, the moon seemed to be transfixed by *her*; its delicate light resting on her person, lighting up her eyes and highlighting the top of her practically pinchable cheeks. A quick glance down and Ryuko’s eyes then became fixed on her chest...the top of her breasts had retained some moisture from her initial dip, and the moon’s light certainly didn’t neglect to highlight that, either.

Mako then turned her head to face her, and Ryuko snapped her vision back forward, a light blush dusting her cheeks. If she noticed her staring, which she very well could’ve, she didn’t say anything. Rather, she just kept looking at Ryuko. The dark-haired girl picked up on this and looked back to her out of the corner of her eye, just to find her smiling warmly.

“Ryuko-chan,” She spoke. At this, Ryuko faced her. Noting she now had her full attention, the brunette’s visage faltered; she averted her eyes slightly, chewing on her bottom lip.

This was a little concerning to Ryuko, as the girl hardly ever failed to speak her mind as soon as a new thought formed within it. “What is it?” She asked with a cautious tone.

“I...” She felt her heart beat harder. “I love you...!” She confessed, scrunching her eyes shut.

Ryuko couldn’t help but grin, though Mako couldn’t even see it, what with her eyes screwed shut. She remained frozen like that, awaiting a verbal response. Instead, the dark-haired girl scooted closer to her and took her cheeks into her palms. “Mako...” She said gently. “I know.”

“Wha...a-aren’t you-” She peeked at her, “-going to say something back?”

She brushed the pad of her thumb along her cheekbone, loving the feeling of her skin beneath her fingertips. “It depends...” She spoke softly, staring into the girl’s awaiting eyes. “You ‘love me’? I knew that. You’ve told me that before.”

Mako blinked at her, searching her eyes, and then huffed a few breaths. “No! I mean, yes, but I-I mean...” She shook herself away from her hands, eyeing her desperately. “I love you, Ryuko-chan! I...” For a second, Ryuko was convinced she was about to go into a full-blown speech right there in the hot tub. Instead, she deflated in her spot. “I’m *in* love with Ryuko-chan.”

She looked to be breathing like a fish out of water: shallow inhales and puffing exhales, which was kind of ironic considering.

Ryuko continued to watch her. “Oh, I knew that too. I was just giving you shit.”

Mako huffed, now fully understanding her little jest. She crossed her arms and faced the night again, refusing to make eye contact with her.

“Aw, are you mad? C’mon...” Ryuko cooed, again scooting closer to her. The brunette only turned her face away further in the other direction. “Oh, Mako,” She spoke in a higher-voice, as if to get her attention, though she still wasn’t budging. The dark-haired girl then brought her fingertips to the girl’s chin and then manually got her to face her, to look her in the eye.

Though Mako wanted to hold her little grudge, her resolve melted under the striking gaze of Ryuko’s deep blue eyes. The edge of her lips quirked into a sympathetic smile before she spoke, “I love you, too.”

That was the first time she had told her she loved her, no ifs, ands, or buts about it. Sure, she had made her affection for her obvious in other ways, but she had never delivered such a committal message with such feeling before that moment. As if that in itself wasn’t already having a significant effect on Mako’s heart, Ryuko then closed the remaining distance between them, pressing her lips to hers in a chaste and affectionate kiss.

Still, breaking the kiss, Mako spoke, “Is Ryuko-chan *in* love with me, though?” She teased, playing her little game.

Ryuko grinned, exposing her canines. “Absolutely.” She wrapped her arm around her shoulder once more, and then continued. “Now, how about we enjoy the night together, huh?”

“Absolutely!” She affirmed, adopting Ryuko’s prior use of the word.

She chuckled, “Good.”

Not soon after, Mako wiggled in her spot a little, speaking, “Hey, wanna see something cool?”

“Sure?”

She then leaned over the edge of the tub, pushed a button, and suddenly the jets got a little stronger. Not only that, but now the lights beneath the water were changing in color, the hues

gradually fading into one another. Mako smiled watching it.

“That *is* cool,” Ryuko concurred, actually enjoying it quite a bit. The colors were very vibrant in contrast with the darkness around them.

A natural silence then fell between the two, and Mako returned to mild snuggle position against her side. Ryuko fixed her vision to the stars, letting her mind wander. She got to thinking about the concept of love again, not only because it was present between them and apparently a hot topic, but also because it was something she simply spent time pondering about.

She was positive she loved Mako, there was no doubt in her mind about that. She had been sure of that for a long while now. However, it took her quite a bit longer to distinguish romantic love from the wide variety of types of love people were inclined to feel. That being said, she became sure she felt romantic love for Mako in a very authentic way.

Ryuko found herself wanting to hear all of Mako’s wacky stories all of the time. She wanted to experience her silly antics first hand, her bubbly personality always by her side. She found herself wanting to hold her all the time, as though her hands craved the feeling of her skin. Perhaps most important of all, she found herself simply thinking about Mako all of the time. Sure, she got fixated on things a lot, but the nature of those other things was not in the same realm of her thoughts of Mako.

As she stared at the stars, she thought of her attachment to Mako, and also remembered her attachment to Senketsu; she compared them. Sure, he was no longer a physical entity, but there were a few things to be considered. The ‘fixation’ she had once had with Senketsu was rather similar to the one she has with Mako. At one point in time, actually, the way she felt about Senketsu and the way she felt about Mako were virtually identical: it was companionate love, a combination of various amounts of intimacy and commitment.

Now, Senketsu had become a literal part of her, as well as her relationship with Mako had respectfully evolved. Ryuko still loved Senketsu, in the way that one would love the stronger, purer parts of themselves. Ryuko also loved Mako, except her love for her was now, without a doubt, consummate love.

“Ryuko-chan?” Mako’s small voice sounded. “Are you thinking about Senketsu again?” She asked curiously.

She looked over to her, genuinely surprised. “How did you know?”

“Your hand is over your heart again,” She explained. “I’ve noticed you do that when you think of him. He is in your heart, after all.”

Ryuko looked down to her sternum to find her palm over it. “So it is,” She said, shyly removing it.

“You remember he’s always going to be with you, right?” She asked innocently.

“Of course I do,” She stated. “I was just thinking about that, actually. How he’s a part of me and all that. I was thinking about the way that I love him, and the way that I love you.”

“Ryuko-chan...” Mako gasped, stricken with feeling. “You love me as much as you love Senketsu?”

Ryuko couldn’t help but chuckle a little. “Yes,” She started. “I love you both, but...it’s different now. I love Senketsu like I love myself, likely because he *helped* me love myself. He helped me realize my full potential as person. And now he’s a part of me forever...” She had gotten quieter, but then she spoke up again. “The way I love you is different. You’re undoubtedly a part of me, too, just not quite as literally.”

Mako looked a bit crestfallen, and then Ryuko scooped up her hands beneath the water. “Listen, Mako, I’m not done. I feel...a unique passion for you. Something I’ve never felt before. You make me feel so warm, so happy, and I want nothing more than to make you feel the same warmth and support. I want to protect you, and keep you by my side always. I love you...every inch of you, and all the little quirks that make you my Mako.”

The brunette grinned brilliantly at her. “When did Ryuko-chan get so mushy and poetic?”

At this, Ryuko blushed. “Is it bad?”

“No,” She responded, pulling the girl into a sudden embrace. “Not at all,” She mumbled.

Ryuko didn’t feel the need to respond, as she simply enjoyed holding her. Mako eyed the water from beyond her shoulder, and quickly spotted a small beetle-looking insect scrambling to stay afloat. “Ryuko-chan!” She gasped suddenly.

“What is it now?” She asked, pulling back.

“Look there...” She pointed to the bug.

Ryuko, too, caught sight of the beetle. She yelped, surprising Mako, and scrambled closer to her and away from the bug.

“Are you scared of it?” Mako asked, amused.

“Not *scared*,” She defended. “Maybe *disgusted*...”

“Aw, don’t be disgusted, we have to save it!” She insisted. “It’ll drown otherwise. We can’t just let it die! It’s just a defenseless little June bug.”

“Whatever you say...” Ryuko muttered, still on edge, keeping an eye on it.

Mako then stood up in the tub and waded over to the small beetle. She proceeded to cup her hands and scoop up the bug, effectively getting it out and away from the water. She leaned over the edge of the tub and released it to the pavement below.

“I can’t believe you touched it...” was all Ryuko could say.

“Beetles are mostly harmless,” She explained. “The little guy just wanted to enjoy the summer night like we are.”

“I think,” Ryuko began, scooting right back against Mako as soon as she resituated. “That ‘he’ just wanted to cut in on my time with you.”

“Is Ryuko-chan jealous of a beetle?” She tilted her head.

“Mmm, maybe, considering it got the pleasure of being on your fingertips...” She told her, bringing her own fingertips to the girl’s neck and stroking her skin lightly.

“Ooh, I see...” Mako spoke as even she picked up on her cues. She turned her whole body to face Ryuko on the small ledge in the tub, sitting on her knees. She brought her fingers to Ryuko’s bangs, traced them, and then tucked her hair behind her ear. Her face followed her fingers to said ear, into which she spoke, “Ryuko-chan wants me to touch her, then?”

The leaning Mako was doing caused the girl’s damp breasts to press against Ryuko’s shoulder, and she swallowed. If Mako wasn’t blatant, was she really Mako? “I think that would be nice...” She whispered, still fixated on the feeling of her soft skin. She dragged her fingers from her collarbone, over the top of her breasts, and then let her touch fall away from the smaller girl as she started to take over.

Mako full out climbed on top of her, not breaking eye contact as she settled atop her lap. She straightened out her spine gracefully, fixing her posture and pushing out her chest, pressing it to Ryuko’s. She smiled as she did so, fully aware of the effect of the sensation.

Ryuko couldn’t help but smile back at her and how unbelievably *adorable* she was. The girl managed to look so damn cute while simultaneously doing something so sensual...maybe the brunette wasn’t aware of the true extent of her effect. She knew then, gazing into her moonlit amber eyes, that her heart would always be charmed by this girl...and she was more than fine by that.

Soon enough, Mako was leaning in and kissing her: her mouth, her chin, her neck –every inch of her skin that was above the surface of the water. Ryuko bent her head back and rested it against the ledge behind her, inviting her kisses to focus on her neck. The smaller girl accepted this, tenderly kissing along her throat.

The dark-haired girl sighed, allowing her eyes to slide shut. Her hearing picked up then, the only sounds around her being the cricket’s chirps, the bubbling of the jets, and the quieter noise of her girlfriend’s smooches. Her heart beat heavier in her chest when a gentle, warm breeze caressed the both of them, complementing the ambience of the night. If one could put a true definition to the word ‘peace’, Ryuko felt this could be a fitting one.

The atmosphere was quite literally starting to take her breath away. From the heat of the water to the warmth of the summer’s night, the fever Mako’s lips were implementing on top of that was starting to make her feel lightheaded (but it was good). Her hands squirmed under the water, both of them eventually finding their way to the girl’s thighs on either side of her. She stroked them slowly, breathing in and out, getting a grip.

“Ryuko-chan...” Mako exhaled, just above her collarbone. She received no response, which was to be expected. She straightened her back again to get a good look at Ryuko’s face just to find that she looked to be asleep, aside from the tensed muscle between her eyebrows. The brunette then lifted a hand out of the water and moved it to grip her jaw, manually tilting her head to the side. Ryuko didn’t resist, and when she felt the girl’s tongue trace her earlobe, she moaned involuntarily. So she wasn’t asleep.

“Mako, this is...you’re...” She voiced, her throat dry. “Nnn...” Her neck arched further.

Mako smiled a tiny smile at this incoherent vocalization. She knew that Ryuko was *hot* in every sense of the word, and the result of it was beautiful, and, well, hot.

Both of the brunette’s hands dipped back below the water and found their way to Ryuko’s ribcage. One of them remained stationary, whereas the other began traveling down the other girl’s side and over on top of her stomach. Languidly, it dipped lower and lower, eventually over the bottom part of her bikini.

With Ryuko’s brain quickly recognizing the sensation, she impulsively spread her thighs apart further, despite Mako still straddling her. She managed to make enough room for her hand to slide just low enough over her swimsuit.

As the brunette pressed her fingers more firmly against her, she also pressed her body even tighter to her. She fondled her leisurely, breathing in her pleased sighs. Her fingertips traced her cleft, settling at the top of her slit and rubbing in circles. In response to the feeling, one of Ryuko’s hands suddenly breached the surface of the water. She wrapped it around the nape of Mako’s neck and pulled her into a bruising kiss.

Only when the both of them were desperate for oxygen did they separate. Mako kept her forehead against hers and stared deeply into her eyes as she continued to stroke her, Ryuko’s mouth falling agape. Just as the brunette began trailing her fingers upward in order to get under her suit, the patio door flew open.

“Mom, dad, I found them! They’re back h- *whoa!*” Mataro’s voice exclaimed, and then he did a double take. “Yo, pops, big sis is *totally* getting some!” He continued to shout as he rushed back into the house.

Mako reluctantly removed herself from Ryuko, blushing in a way that Ryuko had never seen on her...not that she herself wasn’t flushed in the same way. “Well, that’s a mood killer,” the brunette mumbled.

“It’s fine,” Ryuko assured, granted she was still very, well, *affected*. “I’m not sure how well that would’ve worked underwater anyway.”

“Well, I’ll tell you what...” She began, smiling at her but still blushing with the same intensity. “After we face the music –which shouldn’t be a big deal, by the way, my family *loves* you, you know- how about we go inside...dry off...find some privacy...and I can finish taking care of...Ryuko-chan’s little affliction?” Her voice had gotten gradually higher as she went on.

“Did you have to phrase it that way?” She mumbled.

She pecked her cheek fast, right on her coloration. “Mhm!” She then grinned real wide at her. “Everything’s gonna be alright, I promise, okay?”

Though she never really had any doubts, Ryuko took her word for it, one-hundred percent. “Okay.”

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